Your liues ſhall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the reſt depart away:
You *Capulet* ſhall go along with me,
And *Mountague* come you this afternoone,
To know our farther pleaſure in this caſe:
To old Free-towne, our common iudgement place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart.

Exeunt.

Mounta. Who ſet this auncient quarell new abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by when it began?
Ben. Here were the ſeruants of your aduerſarie
And yours, cloſe fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the inſtant came
The fierie *Tybalt*, with his ſword preparde,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
He ſwoong about his head and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hiſt him in ſcorne:
While we were enterchaunging thruſts and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.
Wife. O where is *Romeo*, ſaw you him to day?
Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.
Benuo. Madam, an houre before the worſhipt Sun,
Peerde forth the golden window of the Eaſt,
A troubled minde driue me to walke abroad,
Where vnderneath the groue of Syramour,
That Weſtward rooteth from this Citie ſide:
So early walking did I ſee your ſonne,
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And ſtole into the couert of the wood,
I meaſuring his affections by my owne,
Which then moſt ſought, where moſt might not be found:
Being one too many by my wearie ſelfe,
Purſued my humor, not purſuing his,
And gladly ſhunned, who gladly fled from me.
Mounta. Many a morning hath he there bin ſeene,

With

With teares augmenting the freſh mornings deaw
Adding to cloudes, more clowdes with his deepe
But all ſo ſoone, as the alcheering Sunne,
Should in the fartheſt Eaſt begin to draw,
The ſhadie curtaines from *Auroras* bed,
Away from light ſteales home my heauie ſonne,
And priuate in his Chamber pennes himſelfe,
Shuts vp his windowes, locks faire day-light out,
And makes himſelfe an artificiall night:
Blacke and portendous muſt this humor proue,
Vnleſſe good counſell may the cauſe remoue.
Ben. My Noble Vncle do you know the cauſe?
Moun. I neither know it, nor can learne of him
Ben. Haue you importunde him by any meane
Moun. Both by my ſelfe and many other frien
But he is owne affections counſeller,
Is to himſelfe (I will not ſay how true)
But to himſelfe ſo ſecret and ſo cloſe,
So farre from ſounding and diſcouerie,
As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,
Ere he can ſpread his ſweete leaues to the ayre,
Or dedicate his beawtie to the ſame.
Could we but learne from whence his ſorrows gr
We would as willingly giue cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

Benu. See where he comes, ſo pleaſe you ſtep a
Ile know his greeuance or be much denide.
Moun. I would thou wert ſo happie by thy ſta
To heare true ſhrift, come Madam lets away.

Benuol. Good morrow Couſin.
Romeo. Is the day ſo young?
Ben. But new ſtrooke nine.
Romeo. Ay me, ſad houres ſeeme long:
Was that my father that went hence ſo faſt?
Ben. It was: what ſadneſſe lengthens *Romeos* h